

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 3.



MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

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HIS TORPEDO.

A gentleman living in Boston was much annoyed by the nightly serenades of some cats, which took up a position on a shed beneath his window. Some friend told him that they could be frightened away by exploding a torpedo among them. He resolved

to try it. He said nothing to his wife, but procured the largest torpedo he could find, and hid it in a convenient place in his sleeping room.

For several nights his slumbers were undisturbed. Then one night, toward midnight he was awakened by the usual doleful yells.

"I'll fix 'em!" he said to himself, as he crept from his bed and seized the torpedo. He stole up to the window and glanced out; the cats were plainly visible in the moonlight. He took careful aim, and threw the torpedo with all his strength. He was determined to make a sensation!

There was a report like a dozen pistol shots in the room! He had mistaken the large pane of glass for an open window, and the torpedo had exploded thereon.

His wife sprang up, screaming, "Oh! oh! What? Where are you Henry?"

Shrieks and cries of "What's the matter?" "Murder!" "Robbers are in the house!" "We'll all be murdered!" and the like resounded through the halls, as the frightened lodgers sought to discover what could have happened.

The door-bell rang violently, and a policeman appeared, greatly excited, thinking that a murder had been committed. He rushed up to the room whence the report had come.

"Let me in!" he called. "Let me in, or I'll burst open the door!"

The unfortunate author of all this commotion explained matters as best he could. Quiet was soon restored in the house, but the cats on the shed, undisturbed by the uproar, continued their serenade.

The hero of our tale bears his honors meekly. He never mentions the subject of his own accord, and is free to say that he prefers cats to torpedoes.—*Youth's Companion*.

SUMMER.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's
side;
The lowing herd, the sheep-fold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim described
In the lone valley, echoing far and wide;
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees; the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

—BEATTIE.

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD GAME.

The sportsman who goes in the woods with a camera, as well as with his rifle and gun, invariably returns with less powder wasted and with more game. The camera soon becomes a more beloved companion than the firearm. It is more certain to secure its quarry, and, though depriving no innocent creature of life, rewards the sportsman with a more beautiful trophy to show admiring friends and for preservation than can be obtained from the dead body of a noble animal which he has ruthlessly slain.

The Argosy.

GOD BLESS THE BABIES.

God bless the babies! What a world this would be without them. What a souring and curdling up there would be of the milk of human kindness for want of an outlet, if there were no little cherubs to caress and be foolish over. Often and often when entering, with some misgivings, the great hall of a new place, my heart has leaped up at sight of a tiny woolen bootie, a very rainbow of hope, lying on the waxed floor, while the sight of a wrecked tin train, with an engine without funnel or wheels, has been as welcome as a card of invitation to a ball is to a young lady.

God bless the baby! it is a better tonic than all the bitters ever advertised.

The baby has a mission and fulfills it; it has an object in life and accomplishes it. If ever it becomes necessary to thin out the population I hope the process will not begin at the small end of the human race, for I affirm and maintain that there is not one baby too many in the whole world.

GULLS AND THEIR YOUNG.

Every bird watches over and cares for her own nest, though the numbers are so great and the tumult so excessive that it is difficult to conceive how each gull can distinguish her own spotted eggs, placed in the midst of so many others, exactly similar in size, shape and color; and when at length the young are hatched and are swimming about on the loch or crowded together on some grassy point, the old birds, as they come home from a distance with food, fly rapidly amid thousands of young ones exactly similar to their own, without even looking at them, until they find their own offspring, which, recognizing their parents among all the other birds, receive the morsel without any of the hungry little creatures around attempting to dispute the prize, each waiting patiently for its own parent, in perfect confidence that its turn will come in due season.—*Science.*

The average school life of the woman teacher in the west is about two years, and the farther west she goes the less time she teaches.

PICTURES OF HEROIC DEEDS.

The designs, illustrative of deeds of heroism, which Mr. Walter Crane has made for the decoration of the Redcross Street Hall, London, are to be carried out on panels eleven feet by six, which occupy the main spaces of the wall. There are also, in narrower spaces, to be figures representing the virtues of courage and fortitude, and two female figures holding crowns of laurel leaves.

The centre design coming between these two groups represents Alice Ayres saving three children from the fire which took place in Gravel Lane three years ago. It may be remembered that she rushed three times back from the window to fetch each child, though entreated by the crowd below to save herself before it was too late.

On the same side of the wall is a design of a man rescuing a child from a well under circumstances which endangered his life; another design is of two workmen mending a railway line which they saw was unsafe, just before an express train was due. Though warned of the danger, they finished their work and saved the train, but lost their own lives.

On the other side of the hall are to be the stories, first of the miners who were down the shaft of a mine when they saw something had happened which made an explosion inevitable. Both rushed to the basket and got in, but, finding the rope was not strong enough to pull them both up together, one jumped out into what he thought would be certain death. After the explosion had taken place, his companion returned and found him safe, the explosion having passed over him.

Another is of some sailors who were wrecked and got on to a rock. There was only one who could swim, and he prepared to swim to the shore, when all his companions begged him to remain with them. He remained and prayed with them till a basket was let down from a cliff, which took them up one by one, the older one refusing to go before the rest were safe.

The third design is a man who held a ladder at a fire while some people were escaping from a window. Melted lead dropped down on his arm, burning a hole in it. He never flinched, but held the ladder till the people were rescued.

The fourth represents a boy saving the life of a man from drowning. This boy saved four lives before he was fourteen years old. The incident Mr. Crane has taken was the one in which there was the most peril. A ship was coming into the harbor, and a man fell overboard so close to the ship and the quay, that the sailors looking on said it was a useless risk of life to attempt to save him. The boy, then only thirteen, threw off his cap, plunged in without any other preparation, and saved the man.

The last design is of a man seizing by the horns a mad bull which was running after two children. The stories are to be written in clear, large letters on tablets under each design, and the spaces between the panels Mr. Crane has ornamented with beautiful arabesque work.—*Friend's Review.*

A doctor must understand all tongues.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

MELODY FLOODS THE MEADOWS.

Was there ever heard on sea or land such enrapturing music as the frogs are giving us? And then their evening concerts! What power of tongue or pen can describe them? With a full orchestra they fill every niche and corner of their vast auditorium with the first melodies of the season. Their voices, all attuned to the opening glories of the year, in happy unison give joyful expression in unwritten song and verse to nature's "divinest harmonies."

It was only a few evenings ago that we stood by the waters of Mill Neck intently listening to symphonies, in comparison with which the average church choir and the most popular quartet become prosy and stale; so far reaching and all pervading were the rich melodious notes that came welling up from the depths below that all the air and sky around seemed filled with praises in tuneful accord with one's better and higher self. That man deserves the pity of his race who, with ear so dull and with soul so dead is not able to catch and interpret aright the inspiration begotten by these prophetic songsters of the early year. The music of the frogs excels both voice and harp, and yet, stupid as we are, the most of us strive for a front seat, willing to pay the premium if only we may be seen and counted at the so-called popular concert, while all around us, free as the air we breathe, are those harmonies to which we turn a deaf ear.—*Oyster Bay Pilot.*

AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN.

The story has reached us of an Italian nobleman who at the altar refused to marry a young English heiress because her bridal dress was trimmed with white doves. Ornithologists assure us that the decided progress already made by the press in creating public sentiment against this cruelty and barbarism has largely increased the song birds at the northern nesting haunts. *Any woman who persists in the use of real birds and bird's wings should be socially ostracized. Let her lay aside her prayer-book and learn mercy and grace, and to be faithful to her natural obligations.*—*Progressive Age, Minneapolis.*

UNHOLY LONDON.

Cardinal Manning recently delivered a remarkable discourse in which he gave a very gloomy picture of London and the disintegration of human society in these latter days: "London is a desolation beyond that of any city in the Christian world. 4,000,000 of human beings, of whom 2,000,000 have never set their foot in any place of Christian worship; and among these 2,000,000 God only knows how few have been baptized, how few been born again of water and the Holy Ghost. London is a wilderness. It is like Rome of old—a pool into which all nations of the world stream together, and all the sins of all the nations of the world are constantly flowing. Such is London to-day."—*The Holy Family.*

When a young man complains that a young lady has no heart, it is pretty certain that she has his.—PRENTICE.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or *authorized to be signed*—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

HOW FISHES CLIMB HILL.

In that fascinating book of natural history, *A Frozen Dragon*, is an explanation of the phenomenon that trout are often found in mountain streams, far up towards their source, in deep pools and eddies:

In one pool, out of which led a direct fall of three feet, there were numbers of the richly tinted little creatures that, to have attained their position, must either have swum up the falls or gone around by land. After catching a number, I began to frighten the others to see what they would do. Some dashed at the little fall and disappeared, while others darted over and swam down stream. Still farther up I found the speckled game, until finally the passage became so difficult that I was obliged to turn back.

In the village I chanced to mention the subject to a friend who owned a mill on the same stream; and he told me that the fishes' ascent was a puzzle to him, until one day his boy called him out to the dam where the riddle was solved. The dam was nearly four feet high, and to relieve the stream several auger holes had been bored in it, allowing a small stream of water to jet forcibly out and to go splashing down into the clear pool below. As my friend approached the spot, and looked through the bushes, several large-sized trout were seen moving about under the mimic fall, evidently in great excitement, and darting into it as if enjoying the splash and roar of the water.

Suddenly one of the fish made a quick rush that sent it up the falling stream, so that it gained the top, but by an unlucky turn it was caught and thrown back into the pool, where it darted away, evidently much startled.

Soon another made the attempt, darting at it like the first, and then rapidly swimming up the fall, but only to meet the fate of its predecessor. This was tried a number of times, until finally a trout larger than the others made a dash, mounted the stream, and entered the round hole. The observers were almost ready to clap their hands, but it was not successful yet. As the water stopped flowing for a moment, they saw that though the athletic trout had surmounted the fall, the hole was too small for it to pass through, and there the poor fish was lodged. The lookers-on hastened to relieve it, and found that its side or pectoral fins were caught in the wood, but by pushing the fish

ahead, which you may be sure they did, they liberated it, and it darted away into the upper pond.

Here, then, was the explanation. The trout climbed the mountain by swimming up the falls, darting up the foaming masses, and adopting every expedient to accomplish their journey. For these fish deposit their eggs high up stream, so that the young fry, when hatched, may not be disturbed by predatory fish and other foes living in the low waters.

INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

A correspondent of the Omaha Herald, having visited an Arapahoe camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement.

Fifty fine-looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief, they began their evolutions with a loud yell.

In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty trampling of horses' feet, and they swept past again, so compact that I only saw a ball made of horses and men.

Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed through the intervals without touching.

Now came the moment for displaying individual horsemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to his pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon their animals' backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

These young warriors threw objects upon the ground, and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and shot arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and a leg, swing him between their horses, and carry him off.

This exhibition lasted nearly two hours.

NEVER TOO LOW FOR DOG LOVE.

No wonder the dog show is so near the popular heart. A man never gets too mean to love a dog, and there never was a man so degraded that some dog did not love him. The most worthless and thriftless scoundrel you ever knew had a faithful friend in the yellow cur that hung about the ragged ends of his trousers. You never could tell which was the more useless creature of the two, but you would see that they loved each other with all their hearts. One of the most touching sights to be met with in the streets of Gotham is the diligent care with which a bull terrier guards his blind and beggarly master, who solicits alms every night at Broadway and Thirtieth street. The devotion of that dog ought to teach a great and moral lesson.—*New York Tribune*.

What country in South America never suffers with the heat? Chili.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *six thousand eight hundred and thirty-six* branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy."

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly *fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices.*

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

200 VOLUMES.

During the summer months, friends of our humane work will be stopping at large summer hotels, at sea shore, mountains, and springs, where many influential people gather. There will be opportunities of great good. We shall deem it a privilege to put, *without charge*, two hundred bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" on the parlor or reading-room tables of these hotels, provided we can be assured that they will be permitted to remain there during the summer. Please get permission and write.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

We are indebted to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for three of the beautiful cuts used in this number, "*Marblehead*," "*The Launching of the Ship*," and "*The Boat Race*."

\$100,000.

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals received last year over *one hundred thousand dollars*, and has property, we understand, to the amount of nearly half-a-million dollars. We wish we could say the same in regard to the *Massachusetts Society*, only we would like to have it divided between the Mass. Society and "*The American Humane Education Society*."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND JAKE KILRAIN.

There is no class of men more competent to truly estimate the average American public opinion than the editors of our great competing daily newspapers.

It is their every-day business to study and know what will be most acceptable to the largest number of American readers.

I take up the Boston *Herald* of Tuesday, July 8th. I find *not one word* about the great National Educational Convention of over one thousand teachers, at Bethlehem, N. H., addressed by the Governor of the State, ex-Senator Patterson and others; but I do find *nearly six columns* about a proposed fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain.

I take up the *Herald* of July 9th, and find *a little over half a column* about the Educational Convention, but I find *seven columns and editorials* descriptive of the fight. The editors are not to blame, *but the public opinion* which demands this news.

It is the object of our "*American Humane Education Society*" to carry into all our public schools and homes an education which will give more space in our newspapers to Educational and Humane Conventions, and less to brutal fights between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRIZE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

One of the largest meetings of this National organization ever held filled Bethlehem, N. H., on July 8, 9, 10 and 11 of this year, to overflowing.

The following letter was read to the Association on Tuesday, July 9th:

BOSTON, July 2, 1889.

To the President of the American Institute of Instruction, Bethlehem, N. H.

Kindly permit me as President of "*The American Humane Education Society*," and "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*," to present through you to The Institute *seven hundred copies* of the July number of "*Our Dumb Animals*," on the first page of which will be found an offer of *two thousand prizes* to the pupils in *one thousand schools*.

I have recently offered to all American College Students and all American Editors prizes for the best essays on "*The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*."

Students in thirty-four American colleges have competed for the prize offered them, and many American editors are now writing for the prize offered them.

Kindly permit me to offer to the members of "*The Institute*" a prize of *one hundred dollars* for the best essay of *not over twenty-four hundred words*, on "*The Effect of Humane Education on School Discipline and the Prevention of Crime*."

By humane education, I mean that *which leads to kind acts and kind words that make human beings and dumb animals happier*.

The essays must be sent in an outer envelope, enclosing an inner sealed one containing the name and post office address of the writer. These will not be opened until the Committee

to whom they are referred have decided to which the \$100 belongs. All that do not draw the prize will be returned *if* writers so request and *inclose return stamps*. The writer of the successful essay, *if it is deemed worthy of publication by the Committee*, will receive \$100, and the essay will be widely published with the name of the writer. All essays must be received at this office, on or before January 1st, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

All wishing to compete will receive various publications without charge by addressing me as above.

DOCKING HORSES.

People from other parts of the country who visited New York a year or two ago were surprised to see that the fashion of docking horses had been revived there. Half the carriage horses in the Central Park had been deprived of the greater part of their tails. Instead of the luxuriant and beautiful appendage which nature gives, the animals exhibited a horse-hair brush, short, abrupt, ugly and useless.

This fashion has not proved to be a mere passing fancy of "the British dukes," but now appears to have become fixed, and is spreading over the country, and there is reason to fear that the entire class of people who live but to differ from the mass of their fellow-citizens will not be able to respect themselves this summer while riding behind long-tailed horses.

The spirit of fashion works in two ways. It makes some of us aspire to be both like and unlike our fellow-mortals. The victims of this mania wish to be obviously unlike the mass, and conspicuously like a class. Chinese parents torture their girls for five years, converting their pretty feet into hideous little lumps of bone and flesh, because those lumps are recognized as the sign of social rank.

For a similar reason the rich shop-keepers of Gotham cut off their horses' tails. They have been told that the fashionable people of Europe think it a mark of high breeding to be indifferent to the sufferings of the creatures that serve them.

Several writers lately have taken the ground that horses do not much mind losing their tails, not even in fly-time if they are protected by nettles.

It seems folly to reply to such a statement. Any one who closely observes the ways of horses becomes aware that the switching of their long tails is a tranquilizing and pleasant occupation to them, aside from its utility in driving away insects. It relieves their minds and mitigates the monotony of their existence. The operation of docking is cruel beyond conception.

We should all wish to frown upon this cruelty to helpless brutes. How shall we do it? There is, perhaps, no better way than to act upon the wise and timely suggestion that all who are opposed to it shall not merely not disfigure their own horses, but shall refuse to hire docked horses, or even to ride in an omnibus, cab or car drawn by them.—*Youth's Companion*.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

President.

A VERY INTERESTING BOOK.

We have been reading with very deep interest the "*Recollections of Fifty Years*" by Frances E. Willard, President of the National W. C. T. U. It ought to have a warm welcome in every American home.

ST. PAUL.

We are glad to hear from Mr. T. A. Abbott, President, of good work being done by the Society P. C. A. in St. Paul, Minn.

OUR COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

We give our readers this month the following extract from our College Prize Essay of *Herbert Whitney*, of the Harvard University Divinity School.

"The Mass. Society P. C. Animals has been the centre of vast educational forces, having procured the above mentioned and kindred laws, notably the law which provides the teaching of kindness to animals in all the public schools in the State. It has investigated upwards of 50,000 cases of cruelty, and has enlisted in its cause the sympathies and co-operation of the leaders of public opinion, the teachers, the clergy, the press. It has sent abroad millions of copies of humane publications.

It has been instrumental in establishing Bands of Mercy of which there are more than a half million members.

At the same time the great humane impulse of the day has been crystalizing in other educational forms. Outside the direct influence of any organized movement a great number of the schools of the country have caught the impulse; and the scientific teaching of the time is itself a tendency to the humane by revealing the wonder and beauty of animal structure and habit. The Sunday-schools turn aside a little from mere doctrine to show how He who loved us even unto the cross had noticed with loving interest "the foxes," "the sparrows," "and not one of them is forgotten before God;" "the birds of the air," "and your heavenly Father feedeth them;" "the wise serpents, the harmless doves."

The kindergarten, the miracle of our day, the Christ re-incarnate for the sake of the little ones, has, with a marvelous tenderness, touched this matter of the child's relations to other life.

And even the prosaic forces of commerce and economy have at last been enlisted and have begun to teach the lesson that our people are so quick to learn—that it pays to be kind; that cruel treatment of our food-animals in transportation, handling or slaughtering is costly, wasteful, and dangerous to public health; that we must leave the birds unhindered in their happy busy life, or have no fruit, no grain, no leaf upon the tree.

Now then, what results have we from all these efforts in the way of humane education? Of course it is too early to expect results which can be measured by statistics over any wide field of observation, but a few statements of definite results have been reported. Teachers who have to do with large numbers of children in public schools have an opportunity to watch for effects of teaching kindness to the lower life, and it is the uniform testimony that "there is more kindness to one another;" that "they make better men and women;" that "not one has ever been charged with a criminal offence."

But while we are waiting for the results to accumulate, and the effects to show at large, we do not have to remain in any doubt about the matter.

Given a tendency in any direction, and we have but to continue the movement in order to reach the goal. Educate the children to read and write, and we are sure to have in a little while a nation of men and women who can read and write. Educate the children as widely, as thoroughly in the principles of kindness, lift them above the cruelty of ignorance, and we are sure to have in a little while a nation of men and women living and acting by the principles of kindness, lifted above the cruelty of crime. One can see not far distant the effect of humane education, and is moved by the fair vision to picture it in the words of Whittier:

"A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be.
Pure, generous, brave, and free;
A dream of man and woman,
Diviner, but still human;
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!
The love of God and neighbor,
An equal-handed labor;
The richer lips when Beauty
Walks hand in hand with Duty."

HERBERT WHITNEY.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society has been recently incorporated by Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation. It has already in its permanent fund real estate given by its President, valued at over three thousand dollars, and for present and future use money given by various persons to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars more. Its object is to carry humane education for the prevention of every form of cruelty, and the protection of property and life, into all our American schools and homes. Its treasurer is the Hon. Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its directors are among our most respected citizens. All persons wishing information as to what it has already done, and is proposing to do will receive prompt answers by writing.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

THE STOCKTON CALIFORNIA EVENING MAIL

Devotes an entire column to the fourteen "Bands of Mercy" formed in public schools of that city, their badges, songs. "Our Dumb Animals," and the good effects already seen in the greater kindness of the boys to dumb animals and to each other, and in the government of the schools. The number is likely to be largely increased after the summer vacation.

RHODE ISLAND.

The 19th Annual Report of the R. I. S. P. C. A., shows receipts and expenses about \$1800. Addition to permanent fund, bequest of James Eddy, \$1000, and others \$300. Seven hundred and eighty-nine cases of cruelty investigated, forty prosecuted, and considerable humane literature distributed.

FOUNTAIN FOR HORSES.

Some one sends us a cut of a very beautiful fountain for horses recently presented by Hon. Justine F. MacKenzie, to the village of Woodstock, Vermont. It would be well for persons intending to erect a fountain to write the postmaster for cut of it and the cost.

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership will be sent to all who join our "American Humane Education Society."

On the back we have had printed the last three verses of that beautiful hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, beginning

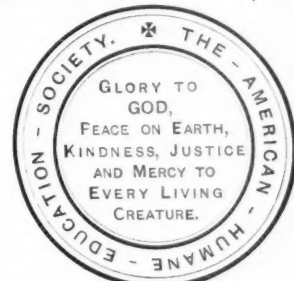
"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

DOING ITS BEST.

I am but a tiny cricket,
Living in a summer thicket—
There I take my rest.
Many songs are gayer, prouder;
Many a voice is sweeter, louder—
But I do my best.

In my song there's no complaining,
Even when the sky is raining;
Birds fly east and west—
Silent hide in leafy cover;
But I chirp till all is over,
Doing still my best!

The American
Humane Education Society.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

FIRST DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Appleton,.....	\$1,000
A Friend,.....	1,000
A. E. H.,.....	300
Mrs. Geo. Dickinson,.....	500
Miss Georgiana Kendall,.....	205
Mrs. J. H. French,.....	100
Philip G. Peabody,.....	10
Mary F. Metcalf,.....	5
Ellen Snow,.....	5
Mrs. A. G. R. Champlin,.....	50
S. R. U.,.....	25
E. Cavazza,.....	5
Charles F. Clark,.....	50
A. W.,.....	100
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Charles W. Parker,.....	10
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Wm. G. Means,.....	50
Miss A. G. Tappan,.....	5
Louis Prang,.....	25
Mrs. F. B. Powell,.....	5
A Friend,.....	150
Philip G. Peabody,.....	25
Mrs. S. R. Osgood,.....	100
Mrs. S. W. Vanderbilt,.....	60
A Western Friend,.....	500
A Boston Friend,.....	150
A New York Friend,.....	25
Miss A. D. Fogg,.....	50
A N. Y. Friend,.....	50
	\$5,810

TIGE.

BY E. L. BENEDICT, 47 Bible House, N. Y. City.

It happened a good many years ago, said Grandfather to Harry and me, as we sat around the fire-place, one December evening, that father bought a piece of timber, several miles from our house, and he had some men there, cutting it. One day he wanted me to go and carry a message to them.

I was never afraid to go anywhere with Tige, our dog. He was such a big, strong fellow, and so brave! So we set off, happy as could be, both of us.

The sun was shining when we started, but as we reached the wood-lot, the sky began to cloud over. I didn't think anything about it, though; I hardly noticed it, till I had delivered my message and turned around to go back.

Then the "boss" said to me: "I don't know, little chap, but you'd better stay here. I guess there's a heavy snow-storm coming, and you've got quite a piece to go."

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" I said, standing up straight. I didn't like to be called "little chap," and I meant to show them that I felt big enough to take care of myself.

"Well, you'd better walk along lively, then, or you will be snowed under, before you get home," the man said, rightly laughing at me for the airs I had put on.

I walked off as coolly as could be, to show them I wasn't afraid. But before I had gone far the flakes began to come down closer together.

Tige acted as if he knew what was coming, and trotted on at a lively rate, looking back every now and then, and whining for me to keep up.

I hurried on, now, as fast as I could, and all the while the snow was coming down thicker, and the wind was rising higher. It seemed to blow right through my overcoat and muffler, and the fine flakes stung as they came against my cheek.

By and by I began to grow tired. The wind was blowing straight against me, the snow was blinding me so I could not see, and all the while Tige was running on ahead so fast, that I feared I should lose sight of him. But he did not propose to leave me. Every little while he stopped and whined for me to come up.

At last I grew so tired that I could only stumble on, and then Tige came back and walked at my side, or just in front of me, as if anxious to help me. And I was thinking if I should stop and rest a few moments, I would be all right. But when I tried it, Tige caught hold of my coat and pulled me along.

Then I grew so sleepy, I could hardly keep on my feet. I did not feel the cold now, and I was ready to lie down in the snow and go to sleep. Twice I tried it, but each time Tige pulled me up and barked so loud that it woke me, and I stumbled on.

At last we came to a fence, and I had not strength enough left to climb over it. I just rolled down in the snow, and Tige couldn't get me to move.

I did not know what happened next, but I was told afterward. The fence, where I had stopped, was only about a mile away from home, and Tige at once ran there as fast as he could go.

My people were all looking out anxiously for me, and father was talking of starting to meet me, when they saw the dog coming. They opened the door, and the minute he saw them he began to bark and whine, and started back.

They knew at once what he meant, and, hurrying on their coats, my father and brothers followed him as fast as they could.

I was sound asleep when they found me, almost covered with snow. Tige began to paw off the snow and lick me, they said, and barked furiously as they came up, and, while they were carrying me home, kept jumping up against me as if anxious to see me wake up.

The first thing I saw, when I did open my eyes, was Tige's head thrust in between my father and mother, who were rubbing me on one side, while my brothers rubbed on the other.

"Yes, old fellow, you saved him. It's all on your account that he is here," mother said, hugging his great shaggy neck, after I had told them how he had dragged me along against my will.

You may be sure that nothing was too good for Tige, after that. He was cared for as kindly as if he had been one of the family,—which he was to our way of thinking,—and we kept him till he died of old age.—*The Fountain.*

FRIENDSHIP WITH A BIRD.

I have had one little, brief friendship with a bird during the present summer, which seems like a tender dream, a fleeting glimpse into an unknown world, a peep into fairy-land, to me.

On one summer morning, which had succeeded one of those coolish nights, which come a little sharply after a season of heat, I stepped out into the old-fashioned garden which lies just beyond my apple tree. A group of crimson Petunias was held up by a little dry shrub to keep them from trailing their silk dresses on the ground below, and there, perched on one of its bare twigs, a little bunch of greeny-gold feathers, sat a young humming-bird. I softly came nearer and nearer, expecting every moment that he would fly away; but the little thing seemed chilled or sleepy, and I at last took him in my hand. He did not seem to flutter, but gasped a little, and I thought him dying. I kept him in my warm hand, and sending for a lump of loaf sugar and a tiny glass of water, I took him in doors. I patiently held him in one hand, warming him, while with the little finger of my right hand I held a drop of the sweetened water to his bill for some minutes, and was finally rewarded by the little bill opening and the wiry little tongue sipping the sweet from my finger, running about under the nail of it, as if it were a flower. He soon grew lively, flew around the room, and perched on some flowers on my dresser. Then he took longer flight, and grew so tame that when he was hungry he would fly down to me from top of a picture or mirror frame, and alight on a little twig which I would hold out, where he would sit and sip his sugar and water from a teaspoon or the end of my finger. I gave him the range of two rooms, and having no cage, I fastened a spray of Fuchsias by my window, where he slept at night, with the tiny head under the wing, never moving until the dawn came, when he became uneasy until he had his sip of sugar and water.

What completely won my heart was the fearless confidence of the little thing.

I did not have him long; indeed, how could I rob him of the out door, happy August days, which were passing so rapidly out of his brief life; so I said to myself every morning, while I surrounded his window with fresh flowers, and still kept the glass closed between him and freedom. But the little thing awakened an almost human love in the heart with his own trusting confidence and his rare gem-like beauty.

Finally, on one evening when he seemed settled on his twig for the night, I opened an outside door to the room for a brief moment, and just as I was closing it again there came a little whirr over my head, a dash of golden green, and he was gone.

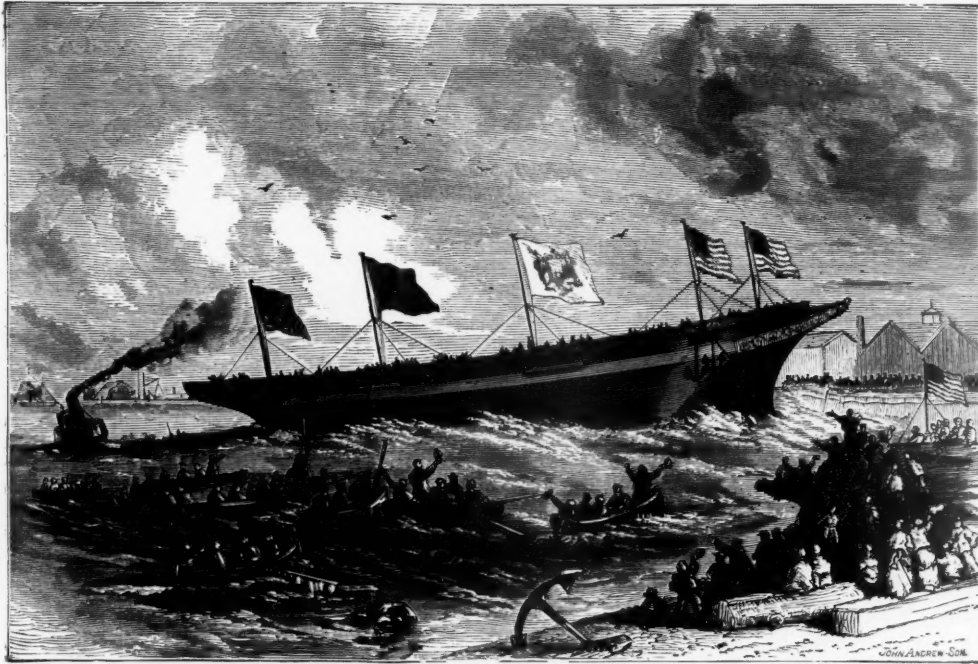
That night it blew and rained. I could not sleep, for it seemed to me there was a tender baby out in the chilly rain. But I have seen many humming-birds since then, still flying about the Petunias and late summer roses, so we will trust that my little pet was soon sheltered and companioned among his own relations, and ready to start with them on the long aerial journey southward. But to me he was like a visitant from fairy-land.—*Vick's Magazine.*

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 6807 St. Thomas, Ontario.
Humane Effort Band.
P., Mrs. Dr. Way.
- 6808 Indianapolis, Ind.
Merry Band.
P., Annie Woolls.
- 6809 Buffalo, N. Y.
Golden Star Band.
P., Margaret Rochester.
S., Emily Rochester.

- 6810 Ann Arbor, Mich.
Arbutus Band.
P., Eddie Hadley.
- 6811 Stockton, Cal.
Weber Band.
P., Mamie Wilhoit.
S., Jennie Crane.
- 6812 Delaware, Ohio.
Spring View Band.
P., Mrs. Ella H. Stokes.
S., Mary Staley.
- 6813 Stockton, Cal.
Golden Pledge Band.
P., Kate Lieginger.
- 6814 San Francisco, Cal.
Marine L. L. Band.
P., Mrs. W. D. Bishop.
- 6815 Meriden, Conn.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Johnnie Meiklem.
S., Alfred Mattram.
- 6816 Tyro Shops, N. C.
Little Tryng Band.
P., Rev. H. H. Hairston.
- 6817 Springfield, Mass.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., C. E. Warner.
- 6818 Vancouver, B. C.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Mrs. S. Middlebrook.
- 6819 Stockton, Cal.
Sunshine Band.
P., G. J. Cutting.
- 6820 Ocean Wave Band.
P., Carrie S. Foss.
- 6821 Amesbury, Mass.
Garfield School Band.
P., Louisa O. Twombly.
- 6822 Alexandria, Neb.
P., Mrs. R. C. Garrett.
- 6823 Ashland, Oregon.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Mrs. D. E. Hyde.
- 6824 Stockton, Cal.
Canary Band.
P., Anne F. Russell.
- 6825 St. Louis, Mo.
Willing Workers' Band.
P., James S. Stevenson.
- 6826 Stockton, Cal.
Morning Star Band.
P., Frank Pache.
- 6827 Milford, Conn.
Kindness Band.
P., Mrs. Carrie S. Tibbals.
- 6828 Avon, Mass.
Elmer S. Curtiss Band.
P., F. P. Speare.
- 6829 Stockton, Cal.
Ready Workers' Band.
P., Emma Debnam.
- 6830 Gospel Band.
P., Mercedes F. Webster.
- 6831 Covington, Ky.
Good Will Band.
P., Lena L. Johnson.
- 6832 Stockton, Cal.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Mrs. L. E. Benedict.
- 6833 Evergreen, La.
Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Anna Tanner.
- 6834 Acme, Mich.
Loyal Legion Band.
P., Mrs. C. H. Estes.
- 6835 Durham, N. C.
P., J. B. H. Butler.
S., F. T. Husband.
- 6836 St. Thomas, Ontario.
Willing Workers' Band.
P., Mrs. T. L. Lindop.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another is to become a principal in the mischief.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE SEAGULL.

The sky was blue on a summer day,
And the sea was blue below;
And the seagulls — whose wings flashed gleam-
ing white,
Were swooping to and fro.

The boatmen rested upon their oars,
And the marksman took his gun,
And he said, "My love wants a seagull's plume,
And I will get her one."

He lifted his gun — he shot — and lo!
With a thud upon the deck,
Fell the white-winged bird, whilst a scarlet
stream
Dripped from its wounded neck.

"A fine young bird! I've had good luck,"
Quoth the marksman in great glee;
Whilst round the boat hovered the parent bird,
And ever nearer came she.

She uttered many a plaintive cry;
She would not her young forsake.
"Oh, marksman! marksman! your heart must
be hard
If pity you do not take."

The marksman he raised his gun again,
But the brave bird did not care:
She was robbed of her nestling; she followed on —
Ah! say if its fate she will share?

"Oh, marksman, marksman! a love so great!
Should with tenderest pity meet."
But the marksman aimed, and the marksman
fired,
And the bird fell at his feet.

Two happy creatures that God had made
To play o'er the restless sea!
Thank God, O reader, that he who fired
Was neither you nor me!

Oh, fair ones who wear the seagull's plumes,
And think that in feathers you're fine,
Close your ears when barbarous fashion speaks,
And think of this tale of mine.

— JULIA GODDARD.

To Love with unbounded Charity for all
things, is to know God.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE, OR
GOLDEN ROBIN.

The first notice we have of the Baltimore's presence is his sweet whistle heard in the early morning. If we look for him we shall find him high up among the branches of an oak or elm or sycamore or cherry tree, busily looking for food, and if we take a little time to watch him, may see how systematically he goes to work to secure his breakfast. He will very likely alight on some large branch near the trunk of the tree, and thence work outward toward the smaller branches, going carefully over almost every twig, and always flying back to the main branch to begin his examination of a smaller one. He peers into each crevice in the bark; looks under each leaf; and takes out from each blossom the insects which have gathered there to feed on the sweet honey. The little bunches of eggs hidden last autumn in the crannies and nooks where the mother beetle or moth thought they would be safe, do not escape his keen sight and his strong, sharp pointed bill; the caterpillar, just hatched out and beginning to feed on the tender leaves, is far too slow to get away if the Oriole once espies him; and the insect which is about to lay its eggs in the fruit which is just now forming will have to be very quick and cunning if it is to avoid the sharp eyes of Lord Baltimore. All through the spring and summer this is the Oriole's work, performed day after day, constantly, carefully, faithfully. No one can know how much good he does by his unceasing warfare against the insects; no one can know how many trees he saves, how many barrels of fruit he gives to the farmer, which but for him would be eaten up by the grubs, or having been stung by insects would drop off from the trees before ripening.

Perhaps the Baltimore is not altogether perfect. He does visit the pea vines, but it is probably more to get the insects which gather about the sweet white blossoms than to eat the peas. But even if he should take a few of them, what a trifle in money value this loss would be when compared with the great good that he does by destroying the insects; and the same thing is true with regard to the few grapes he may eat. Without the Oriole, and other birds who do such work as he, we might not have any vines at all on which to grow grapes. There are many

learned people who believe that the terrible disease, due to a small insect, which has destroyed so many of the finest vineyards in France, is caused by the wholesale killing of birds which takes place in that country. The Oriole may do some little harm in the way indicated, but his services to man are very great and far outweigh the value of a few small fruits.

The Audubon Magazine.

KINDNESS OF RUSSIAN DRIVERS.

BY HERBERT E. GENNESS.

[In *Boston Evening Traveller*.]

In his book on Russia (Leipsic and Prague, 1884), Friedrich Meyer von Waldeck relates: "What a pleasant impression is made when the Russian teamster in driving his horses, and instead of the repulsive curses which we elsewhere hear so commonly, and instead of the detestable whipping, talks to his animals with the most gentle expressions.

"Only wait, my swallow," such a driver will say to his beast; "soon shalt thou freely rest and eat as much white grain and green clover as thou wilt."

"If these friendly promises do not produce the desired effect on the speed of the animal, he calls again:

"Fie, Brownie! art thou not ashamed? See, yonder, Grigori's gray nag; he is smaller than thou, and yet goes faster. Thou wilt at length make me angry, then I shall have to whip,—and the whip hurts; only hear!" and then he strikes the dasher with the whip till it clatters. If these threats move the nag to quicken its pace it is rewarded by the tenderest and most lavish praise."

Would that this humane spirit which the traveller discovers among the humble peasant teamsters of Russia might extend to the governing classes of that mediæval despotism, and cause them to introduce somewhat of the spirit of modern humanity into their treatment of their fellow-beings!

THE DENVER BANK ROBBERY.

(From *Minneapolis Progressive Age* of April 20, 1889.)

"Last Tuesday noon in the city of Minneapolis, upon one of its principal streets, one of its principal banks was invaded by two highwaymen who undertook to carry off all the visible money in the bank. They succeeded in getting the money, and in frightening nearly to death the cashier and one of the registry clerks; but fortunately for the bank, and the community, the firing of their revolvers attracted the attention of passers, and the two rascals were captured. These young men were not veterans in the service of crime. They, no doubt, had read of the successful Denver robbery; had heard it talked over in the dens of vice in this city; they had heard, no doubt, eulogies passed upon the nerve and courage required to perform such an act. They felt prompted to similar deeds, and undertook to carry out what they had pondered. This, we take it, shows conclusively the influence that the publication of these accounts, in the glowing language of the journalist, has upon the mind of the young man inclined to wickedness. It would really seem that the more horrible and the more scandalous an occurrence is, the greater prominence is given it by the public press of the country. A desperado who will seize and carry away, for his own lustful purposes, a young woman in the community, will receive more attention than the most respectable man performing the most noble offices for the community, the state or the nation. A dog fight, a cock fight or a fight among brutes who walk upon two feet, will have the space—the valuable space—of most metropolitan journals, while the most important conventions of the most important organizations of the country may consider themselves fortunate in having a mere mention. This is simply contemptible, and it is not a sufficient excuse for the publisher of the paper that his constituency demand of him that he publish these scandalous things. Every profession calls for specific self-denial, and the publisher has no right to expect to go through with his professional duties without a little self-abnegation. By the assistance of the press of this country, the prize fight has been made popular, and many a desperado finds no small comfort, even compensation, for his imprisonment in the notoriety given him by the daily press of the country. It would seem that the devil has presented the publishers of daily papers in America with boots and saddle, and some of them with whip and spurs."

We want to arouse a public sentiment in this country, that shall compel metropolitan journals to change the policy above described, or result in a syndicate that shall establish and sustain a public press that will neither make nor encourage criminals—a press which shall be acceptable to men and women of all religious sects and political parties—a press whose columns shall be filled with what is good and noble, and in its reports of evil shall give no encouragement to crime. To build up such a public sentiment is one of the objects of "Our American Humane Education Society" recently formed and incorporated, and of the prizes it has already offered to American students and American editors. One of the first steps towards a millennium of peace on earth and good-will to every living creature is a rightly conducted public press.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A southern hotel advertises among its attractions a "parlor 35 feet wide." We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

An East Indian tells of this exciting adventure with a tiger, in which a little dog came to the rescue and saved his master's life: "I was walking through the jungle, when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underbrush, and the next instant an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me. I immediately raised my rifle and fired twice, but as ill-luck would have it, neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me, and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly, as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face, 'It's all up with me now.' But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue. He bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned around to seize his new adversary. But Mungo was sharp and wary, and off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as it could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. In fact, it was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog. I knew that the tiger, disappointed in seizing Mungo, would soon return to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood waiting. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I leveled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippled him, and made him roll about in agony. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding up to me, looking into my face, and whining with joy at seeing me safe."—*Golden Days*.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The flying squirrel is a genus of the family *sciuride*, differing from common squirrels principally in the expansion of the skin between the fore and hind feet, by means of which the animal sails in a descending line, supported as by a parachute. The common flying squirrel, *Pallas*, is about ten inches long, of which one-half is the tail; the color above is light yellowish-brown, the tail being rather smoke-colored, and white beneath; the fur, as in all the species, is very fine. It is a nocturnal animal, rarely appearing until sunset, at which time its gambols and graceful flights may be often seen in places frequented by it; the large eyes indicate its habits. It is harmless and gentle, and soon becomes tame, eating the usual food of squirrels. There is nothing resembling the act of flying in its movements, as seen in the flying fish; it sails from a high to a lower point, a distance of forty or fifty feet, and when it wishes to alight, the impetus of its course enables it to ascend in a curved line to about half the height from which it descended; running quickly to the top of the tree, it descends in a similar manner, and will thus travel a quarter of a mile in the woods, in a few minutes, without touching the ground. Flying squirrels are gregarious, six or seven being found in a nest; the food consists of nuts and seeds, buds and even meat and young birds. They produce from three to six young at a birth, and have two litters in the Southern States, in May and September. This species extends from Upper Canada and Northern New York, to the extreme Southern limits of the United States.—*School and Home*, St. Louis.

VENTRILOQUISM IN NATURE.

While pioneering in South Brazil, Mr. Withers was struck by the low and plaintive cry of some creature calling in the night. He was at first impressed with the idea that it was the cry of a child, but the tones soon convinced him that this could not be the case. He says:—

"I had never heard a more pure and liquid musical sound than this was. The pleasing effect upon the ear was but little diminished on learning by what animal it was produced. The vocalist was a frog—and soon another from a more distant spot took up the strain, and the two sang together, now in solos, now in chorus. Curious to see this musical frog, I took a torch from the fire, and went to look for him. I arrived at the spot whence the sound was proceeding, but, as I stooped to search the grass, the music seemed to float away to another place some yards distant. I followed, and still the sound moved, and nowhere could I discover whence it came. I searched for nearly a quarter of an hour, without being able to fix the spot, and then I gave up in despair. The fact is, this frog is recognized to be a ventriloquist of no common order. I have many a time since heard him crying in broad daylight; and the power of ventriloquism is no doubt given him as a protection against the numerous cranes and other frog-enemies that would otherwise be guided by the sound, and soon render the species extinct."

TO TEST SUSPECTED WATER.

It is said that there is no better or simpler way of testing suspected water than the following: Fill a clean pint bottle nearly full of the water to be tested, and dissolve in it half a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar. Cork the bottle and keep in a warm place two days. If the water becomes cloudy or milky within forty-eight hours it is unfit for domestic use.

CUNNING OF THE FOX.

Dr. J. F. Landrey, in *Popular Science News*, relates the following, showing the wonderful sagacity of the fox.

On the lower Wabash a company of hunters from Tippecanoe county encamped for the night among the cavernous limestone hills occasionally found in those regions. The hounds soon traced up the retreat of an old grey fox and her family in one of those narrow crevices that probably led into a more open cavern further in. The whining of the young foxes was very distinct, and led to louder baying of the hounds. The mother, however, was "not at home." But it was not long 'till her barking was heard beyond the camp, on a small hill in another direction. The dogs soon took the hint, and gave her a magnificent chase around the hill. Doubling on her track, she eluded the dogs, returned to her cubs, and either carried or induced them to follow her into the deeper recesses of the cavern, beyond the dangers of digging and chasing. I have often thought that little piece of strategy a masterly piece of generalship. What could be more natural than to desire to draw away from her young ones the threatening dogs and men? Seeming to know that her own barking would have the desired effect of diverting their attention to larger game in an open field, she ventured to draw their attack upon herself, and succeeded in saving the lives of both herself and her young ones.

HUM-UM-UM.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:
"Oh! hurry here and see, and see,
The loveliest rose—the loveliest rose
That in the garden grows, grows, grows.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:
"Much honey must be here, and we
Should beg a portion while we may,
For soon more bees will come this way.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

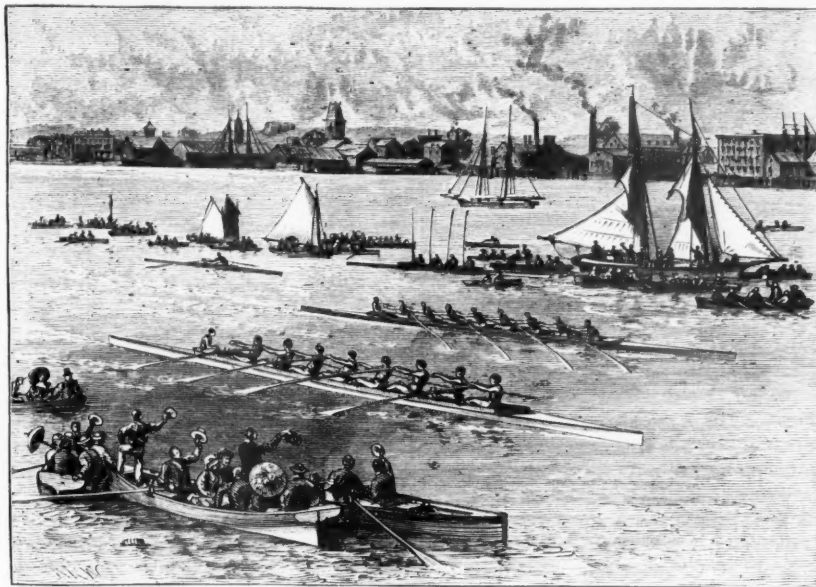
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"The rose is not for me, for me,
Though she is lovelier by far
Than many other flowers are."
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"No honey-cup has she, has she,
But many cups, all brimming over,
Has yonder little purple clover.
And that's the flower for me, for me.
Hum-um-um—hum-um-um,"
Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.
—MARGARET EYTINGE, in *St. Nicholas*.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven, I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window!" In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day meet the old Christian masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of the "Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red Sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet, and the four-and-twenty soldiers chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead.—TALMAGE.



THE BOAT RACE.

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GOOD COMMON SENSE.

A Duluth manufacturer has recently increased the wages of his married employees, and given single men notice that after a certain time, if they are not married, their services will not be required. This will perhaps be regarded by many as a mere whim, but is based on sound business principles. As a rule, married men are more trustworthy and consequently more valuable to their employers than single men. A man who has no place that he calls home is not altogether a man. To be a full grown manly man one must have something to love and cherish, upon which to bestow his manly affections. The man who packs everything he has in a grip-sack and is always ready to change his place of residence as soon as the next train goes is a rolling stone that gathers nothing.

The man who has a wife and children to love never becomes a tramp, and a man who has a speck of manhood in his breast tries to be respectable for the sake of his wife and children if not for his own sake. *It is easy enough to see that a man who feels that he has something to live for is more trustworthy than one whose affections never go out to anything out of his own nest.*

Marriage may sometimes be worse than a failure; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is man's fault. The man who cannot hold the affections of a good wife to the extent of making his lot a hundred times more pleasant, and happier than that of the homeless wanderers, is a failure whether married or single. *And whether he be penniless or worth his millions, he is a failure all the same.* There is nothing illogical or unbusinesslike in the position of the Duluth manufacturer. The man with a wife and a home is a more trustworthy employee, as he is also a better citizen.—*Knoxville Journal*.

HOW TO BE A "NOBODY."

It is easy to be nobody, and the *Watchman* tells how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything let it be the dime novel of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody.

THE ARCHITECT OF SAINT PETER'S.

One never admires the character of Michael Angelo more than when standing in St. Peter's, and recalling his adherence to the conditions of his becoming architect upon the death of San Gallo. The building had been in process of construction forty years, and vast sums of money embezzled under different architects, when at the age of 72 years, Michael Angelo, at the earnest request of the Pope, reluctantly undertook its completion. He stipulated that it should be expressed in the agreement that he should receive no salary; that he undertook the work purely from devotional feeling; that he should be empowered to discharge those employed who consulted only their own interest, and lastly, that he should be allowed to make any alterations he chose in San Gallo's design.

He laid the entire plan aside, and the Church stands a copy of the design of Michael Angelo, which he lived to see brought so near completion that it was impossible for his successor materially to alter it. He gave seventeen years of his life to this work, and in his last days only desired to live to see the completion of the task undertaken for the love of God.—*Holy Family*.

MONKEYS' SUSCEPTIBILITY TO TEARS.

If monkeys are susceptible of laughter and of manifesting delight, they are also capable of showing sorrow and of weeping. Humboldt says the saimiri of Peru are extremely sensitive, and that at the least cause of chagrin their eyes fill with tears. Real tears have been observed among dogs, deer and gazelles. Here another supposed characteristic of man disappears.—HENRY HOWARD, in *Cosmopolitan*.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.
—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

A VISION OF SUMMER.

Don't you hear the whisper,
Through the early showers,
Of the little raindrops
Calling to the flowers?

Countless busy fingers,
Just beneath our feet,
Weaving, daily weaving,
All the blossoms sweet!

Even while we're looking
See the buds unfold,
And the meadow crowslip
Lift its leaf of gold!

Beauty all about us;
Blossoms everywhere,
Scenting with their fragrance
All the balmy air.

Birds in every tree-top
Singing songs of praise,
Adding to the glory
Of the lengthening days.

DON'T FIGHT THE TEAM.

If a horse shows signs of stubbornness or contrariness, just get mad yourself, and you can rest assured you are fixed for the rest of the day, as long as you want to keep it up. Horses, like men, are generally set in their ways, and when a horse with only moderate sense gets into trouble with a man with only a moderate sense, the two generally have a "monkey and parrot time" from morning till night. Well-bred horses are seldom stubborn and unruly, and in this respect there is a striking analogy between horses and men. Horses docile, obedient and tractable in the hands of one man are vicious and unruly in the hands of another. The reason is, the one knows how to manage them, the other does not. *Bad dispositions are generally the result of bad handling. A few slaps and jerks, accompanied by a little sharp talk or a few fierce yells, get the most gentle horse clear beside himself and ready to worry and fret the remainder of the day. The more quiet and steady you keep your horses the better it will be for them, yourself and all concerned.*

A PROBLEM IN THREES.

If three little houses stood in a row,
With never a fence to divide,
And if each little house had three little maids
At play in the garden wide,
And if each little maid had three little cats
(Three times three times three),
And if each little cat had three little kits,
How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
With whom she loved to play,
And if each little friend had three little dolls
In dresses and ribbons gay,
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits
Were all invited to tea,
And if none of them all should send regrets,
How many guests would there be?

—EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD, in *St. Nicholas* for February.

HARD TO CATCH PAT.

It is a very sharp emergency that can catch Pat, even when he is ignorant and ragged. An Irishman, whose garments were in tatters, was brought before a magistrate on a charge that he was a vagrant.

"What have you to say to the charge that you have no visible means of support?" asked the justice.

Pat drew from the pocket of his torn coat a loaf of bread, the half of a dried codfish, and several cold potatoes. These he spread upon the stand before him, and coolly asked:

"What do you think of them, yer honor—shure, an' isn't them visible manes of support?"
—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A HUMANE SOCIETY?

It may be of incalculable value. It may be of little value. It may be of no value. *It may be worse than no Society at all.*

It would be possible for a single person to form in one year 365 Humane Societies in 365 different towns. Each would be entitled to nine delegates in a national convention. *But suppose that not one of them ever raised nine dollars for humane work, what do they amount to? We have now in mind Societies which not only do nothing themselves, but absolutely stand right in the way of humane work.* They are managed by persons in whom the best and most influential people of their respective communities have no confidence, and yet their existence prevents the formation of other and vastly better organizations. It is a curse to any city or town to have such a society.

One of the great advantages of our "*Bands of Mercy*" is that *they never stand in the way of humane work.* There may be a hundred or a thousand in a single city or large town, some Protestant, some Roman Catholic, some Jew. They are constantly distributing humane literature and education and building up a humane sentiment in parents as well as children, which will demand and ensure enforcement of laws when other means fail.

What we want to emphasize is that when it comes to forming a "*Humane Society*," great care should be taken to enlist at the start the best and most humane people—those who will do hard work or give liberal subscriptions. *One such Society—indeed one individual in it—may be of more value than a hundred Societies that give neither time nor money, nor anything but a name and a printed list of officers.*

When we are told that a new Society has been formed, the first question we ask is, *What work is it doing? How much money has it raised? What does it amount to?* A hundred Humane Societies which exist only in name are, in our judgment, of less value than a single live "*Band of Mercy*," such as we are forming all over this country and supplying gratuitously with humane literature from *Our Missionary Fund*. Before you can properly build a house you must secure a good foundation. The "*Bands of Mercy*" are the foundation stones upon which to build a strong Humane Society.

HEROIC MISS LAWRENCE.

A herd of wild cattle was being driven through the town of San Diego. A little child was playing in the street not far from the spot where the cattle were passing, when one of the bulls—a huge creature with large horns—made a sudden rush at the poor bairn. To add to the terror of the scene the driver was tipsy, and in trying to turn the furious animal he fell from his horse. Warning yells arose from the spectators as they beheld the terrible fate from which, as it seemed, nothing could save the child. At this very moment a lady happened to come into the street, and the noise of the tumult at once attracted her attention. She saw the child's appalling danger at a glance, and immediately sprang into the empty saddle. She succeeded in catching up with the wild bull and threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to charge the child. She then, without leaving the saddle, lifted the child to her lap and took it away to a place of safety. This brilliant act of bravery awoke round after round of applause from every one who witnessed it. . . . As was said at the time, this gallant deed of Miss Lawrence—for such was the lady's name—was not only heroic, but a feat of horsemanship which few people could equal.—*Brownville, Nebraska, News*.

TRAVELING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The *London Railway News* has an interesting account, taken from a Moscow paper, of the elaborate precautions made for the safety of the Czar of all the Russians when he travels by rail.

As soon as the traveling plan has been adopted an army of soldiers is ordered out, equal to the standing army of several continental monarchies, and marshaled along the line of railway throughout its entire length, while thousands of police officers scour the country right and left through which the line runs.

Every peasant along the route is examined, his name taken, and his dwelling searched minutely. The soldiers forming the guard for the line are conveyed in cattle and goods trucks to their destination, there being forty men in each. First of all they take possession of all stations, and then form into squads, which carefully examine the rails, the permanent way, tunnels, bridges, etc., knocking everywhere with hammers for the least suspicious noise. Two days later the superior officers of police arrive, when the line is again examined.

At the moment when the imperial train passes, every soldier brings his rifle to the salute, and stands immovable, the distance between each being thirty feet. Any stranger approaching the line would be mercilessly shot down.

When we said the imperial train, the expression must not be taken literally, as three trains exactly alike in appearance and make-up follow each other, and it is only known to half a dozen persons by which His Imperial Majesty travels. He himself decides which train he desires to travel by at the very last moment. In each train are thirty cars, and those used by the imperial family are so heavily and solidly made and fitted up that two great engines are required for the train. The walls are of bullet proof steel.

An hour before and an hour after the passage of the train all telegraphic service is suspended for the general public. They must wait. In addition, many secret precautions are taken. In this manner the emperor of 500,000,000 human beings passes through his domain.

[It does not strike us that there can be much fun in being a Czar. We think it much better to be an American Sovereign, and this reminds us of the American, who, traveling on a steamboat in Europe, ordered dinner and was told that dinners were not given on that boat. He said, "I smell a dinner cooking." "Yes," said the steamboat captain, "but that is for a Russian Nobleman." "Very well," said the American, "send my card to him and tell him an American Sovereign would like to dine with him." The answer was a polite reply that the Russian Nobleman would be pleased to share his dinner with an American Sovereign.

—EDITOR.]

SWALLOWS INVADE A STEAMER.

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred the other day on board the French steamboat *Abd-el-Kader* during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out, the sky became quite black with swallows. It was then about six o'clock in the evening. The birds lighted in thousands on the sails, ropes, and yards of the *Abd-el-Kader*. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers, and eventually found their way into the cabins both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at 7 o'clock the head lookout bird no doubt sighted the Balearic Isles, for the whole flock made for land, after having spent a comfortable and refreshing night on board ship.

—*London Daily Telegraph*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WHY POP STAID BEHIND.

My little friend Silvia had a present of a small dog which she called *Pop*, because his sharp bark sounded like the popping noise made by corn when it is parched over the fire.

One day Silvia took her doll and a little basket, and went out to pick berries. *Pop* followed of course. They went more than a mile from home. But on her way back, Silvia lost sight of *Pop*. She called him, but *Pop* did not come.

When she got home with her berries, she found that she had parted company not only with *Pop*, but with her doll. So she put on her shawl and started out again to hunt them up.

The birds flew around her as she walked; for she had been used to feeding them with crumbs, and one little bird seemed to think it a hard case that she should not give him anything, and followed her a long way.

But Silvia walked on, calling "*Pop, Pop: where are you, Pop? Come Pop.*"

But, for a long while, no *Pop* made himself heard. At last, as Silvia went into a thick part of the wood, where she had passed a short time before, she heard a little sharp voice "*Bow-wow-wow!*"

"That's *Pop!*" cried she with a laugh; and, sure enough there he was, keeping guard over the doll.

She had dropped it there out of her basket. *Pop* was too small to take it in his mouth and run home; and so he staid there and kept guard over it.

Silvia took him in her arms, and praised him; then she picked up her doll and went home.

The above is a good picture of Silvia and *Pop*.

T. A.

MILLIES' BABIES.

Six little timid kittens,
Out in the cold alone,
Their mother is always gadding about,
And brings them not even a bone;
She's off in the morning early,
She's off till late at night;
A mischievous, selfish old pussy,
That never does anything right.
The kittens are always hungry,
They're too timid to catch a mouse,—
And their mother is such an old gossamer,
They won't keep her in any house.
She never petted nor played with the
Nor washed them nice and clean,
Such six little dirty faces
I'm sure I have never seen;
Six little sad, sad kittens,
All sitting in a row,
Cold and hungry and dirty,
From the tip of each nose to each toe.
Twelve little ears and six little tails
Hanging and drooping low,
So out on the steps I found them,
Sitting all in a row.
And Milly begged hard to keep them,
And fed them and washed them so clean,—
Such six bright cunning kittens
I'm sure I have never seen.
The boys laughed at Millies' babies,
She cares not a whit, would you?
If she hadn't adopted those kittens,
What in the world would they do?

M. F. NOLAN, in *School and Home*.

The wise man is the man who knows what to do when the time comes.



WHY POP STAID BEHIND.

A CAT WITH A GREAT HEAD.

There were three cats in a William street family in Norwich, Conn., and the lady of the house concluded that one was sufficient to do all the business, and an edict of death was passed on the old cat and her kitten. The question of the manner of death was settled and chloroform purchased. Days passed after the chloroform was in the house before the executioner could master courage to execute the sentence. To facilitate matters the lady thought some laudanum added to the cat's milk would produce a stupor that would make the chloroforming more easy. The drug was put in the milk and tendered the old cat. She tasted the food, cast her eyes suspiciously about her and refused to eat. The kitten rushed to the dish to partake of the milk and was violently knocked away by the old cat, who took a corner of a mat and covered over the dish to hide it from the kitten and prevent her from taking the "medicine."

The lady could not believe it possible that the act was intentional on the part of the cat and uncovered the dish and again tendered the milk to her. She again knocked the kitten from the dish and covered it over more carefully than before. The repetition of the protective act gained the good will of the lady, and she gave up killing the cats. She can not satisfy her mind, however, whether the action of the cat was prompted by instinct or reason.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A young lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

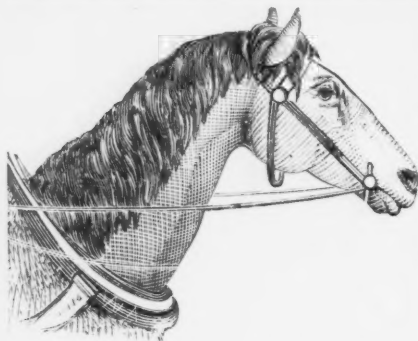
"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book marks, watch cases, needle books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the little girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

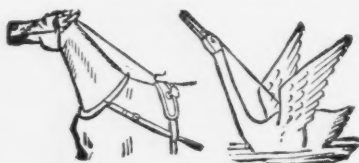
"O miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and gently to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy. — *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is not its regular business.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Rein.



Teacher (to historical class): "Where did George Washington live after he retired from public life?"

No one seemed to know.

Teacher: "Was it at Washington or at Mount Vernon?"

Teacher: "Come, children, some of you must know."

Bright scholar: "I know, teacher; *he lived in the hearts of his countrymen.*"—*Harper's Young People.*

CATFISH GOOD MOTHERS.

Dr. Abbott, of Trenton, is a warm admirer of the catfish, not so much on account of its culinary excellence as because the females of the tribe are good mothers. He has studied the habits of the fish long and carefully, and he knows this to be a fact. He says that on one occasion he captured an entire brood of little catfish in a hand net, letting their mother, who was swimming with them, escape. She would not leave the spot where she had been bereaved, and when the doctor put the fry into a glass jar and placed it in the river where she could see it, she dashed herself furiously against the obstacle that separated her from her young ones. When the jar was drawn slowly from the water she followed it to the surface, and then absolutely left the river and wriggled twelve inches up the sloping beach in her frantic efforts to recover her progeny.—*New York Sun.*

Cases Reported at Office in June.

For beating, 25; over-working and over-loading, 26; over-driving, 3; driving when lame or galled, 49; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 14; abandoning, 2; torturing, 14; driving when diseased, 8; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 50.

Total, 192.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 74; warnings issued, 59; not found, 16; not substantiated, 31; anonymous, 5; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 4; pending in April, No. 251, disposed of by conviction.

Animals taken from work, 35; horses and other animals killed, 60.

By Country Agents, Second Quarter, 1889.

For beating, 60; overloading, 13; overdriving, 19; driving when lame or galled, 173; driving when diseased, 2; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 19; torturing, 3; abandoning, 12; cruelly transporting, 2; general cruelty, 110.

Total, 413.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 374; not substantiated, 7; prosecuted, 44; convicted, 36. Animals taken from work, 146; killed, 86.

Receipts by the Society in June.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Natick, \$5; Montague, \$10; W. Brookfield, \$10.

Police Courts.—Lawrence, \$5; Springfield, \$10. *District Courts*.—Great Barrington (2 cases), \$15; Palmer, \$5; Worcester, \$10.

Municipal Court.—Boston, (2 cases, one paid at jail), \$35. Witness Fees, \$1.20; Total \$106.20.

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A sincere friend of the Society, \$350; Miss C. M. Lamson, \$50; Mrs. Justus Smith, \$6.

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Total, \$771.

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American Bapt. Pub. Society, \$9.50; Dora B. Kendrick, \$7.50; Henry L. Young, \$5; Miss A. M. Storck, \$1.50; Subscription Agencies, \$3.50; Miss E. B. Hilles, \$3.50; Supt. State Reform School, Portland, \$2.50; Miss R. L. Richmond, \$2.25; Lucy P. Arnold, \$2.25; a Cambridge friend, \$2; Mrs. J. Amory Codman, \$1.50; Mrs. Geo. H. Sprague, \$1.50.

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AMBULANCE.

Wm. S. Otis, \$4; Dr. S. A. Tuttle, \$3.50; Batchelder Bros., \$3; Eldridge Melrose Express, \$2.50; S. S. Pierce & Co., \$2.50; C. F. Monroe, \$2; W. H. Stevenson, \$2; Total, \$19.50. Publications sold, \$104.09; Interest, \$506.17. By Treasurer, Luigi Sada, of Italy, \$100. Total, \$1,500.46.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A., St. Petersburg, Russia.

A farmer near Chebanse, Ill., noticing that one of his oxen did not obey orders as readily as of yore, concluded it had become deaf. An *ear-trumpet* was tried with great success, and it is now fastened in place by wires around one of the horns. The animal shows gratitude, and eats heartily, whereas it had before lost its appetite.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

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